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Letters From the People

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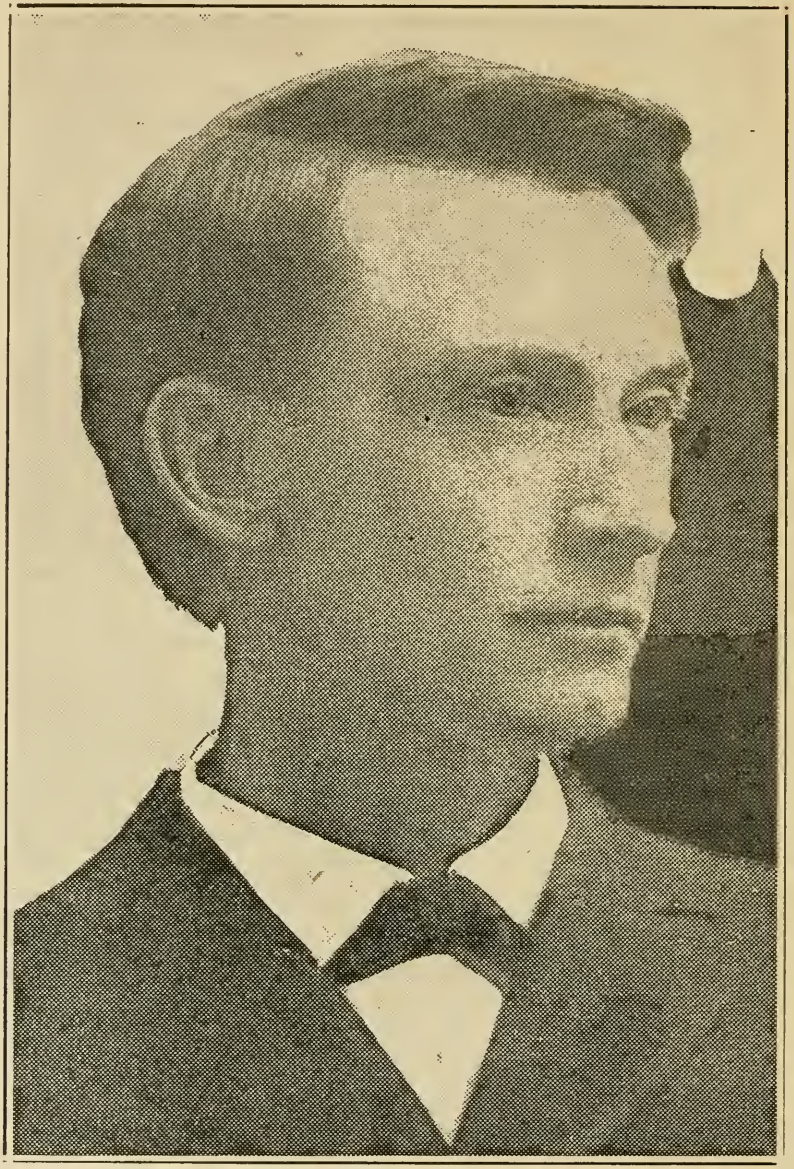


THOMAS E. WATSON

at the time of the Mercer Address—1886

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

By His Grand-Daughter

GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER X.

ADDRESS AT MERCER UNIVERSITY JUNE 29, 1886

(INSTALLMENT I.)

At the Commencement of Mercer University—Thomas E. Watson's Alma Mater—in June 1886, he delivered one of the greatest addresses of his whole life. This is a literary gem, brilliantly covering a choice galaxy of topics from ancient times until the day it was delivered. It is full of philosophical statements worthy of a sage of three score and ten instead of a young barrister of 30 years. It is so full of references to illustrious men of the past and their immortal deeds that it could well be used as the basis for a liberal education. Let the student use it as a test to determine how far he has advanced in his attainments when measured by his knowledge of great world events that have successively marked the progress of civilization from ancient times to the glorious 20th Century as given by Mr. Watson.

We have carefully analyzed this wonderful oration and placed on the margin to your left short topical expressions giving a key as we see it to the paragraphs immediately preceding and following these insertions. The address can not be given in one issue of the Watsonian; we are giving as much as our space will allow as Installment Number One. The remainder will appear in the December number of the Watsonian.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I invite your attention to a discussion of one of the fashions which prevails among us. You will bear in mind that our fashions are as numberless as office seekers, and as changeable as their principles. I saw not long ago a squib like this in one of our newspapers: "A citizen was seen dashing at breakneck speed through the street. One of his friends stopped him and inquired 'what on earth is the matter?' 'Nothing' said he, panting and blowing, 'only I have just bought my wife a fine bonnet which is all the rage and I want to get home before the fashion changes.' "

Fashions: Some are superseded by others—some change only in degree.

The fashion I shall discuss does not belong to the changeable class; or rather, its changes are only in degree. It is here now, it has been here from the first and will be with us to the end. It grows sometimes weaker, sometimes stronger—is sometimes at its flood and again at its ebb, but it is always here. I allude to that fashion of polite skepticism which is so noticeable, especially among the educated classes.

There is a spirit abroad which is born of suspicion—nurtured by levity and cynicism. Its watchword is incredulity; its process, prejudiced inquiry; its result skepticism. It sneers at devotion to duty, mocks at pretentions to the virtues, scouts the existence of any motives of action save the maxims of a narrow, unsympathizing selfishness. Its pleasure is to cast ridicule upon old accepted creeds; its pride of opinion flatters itself by the rejection of current beliefs; its levity harbors no respect for character, however exalted, for motive be it ever so fine; and no reverence for anything past or present, human or divine.. Its disposition is unscrupulous and aggressive and malignant.

A skepticism to be condemned.

Like the vulture its circling search is for corruption; like the hyena it digs up and devours what decency would hide and forget.

Ask of these thoughtful instructors (of Mercer) what it is that disturbs them most in the contemplation of our future and I doubt not, the answer will be that it is the spread of the empire of disbelief. An empire that preserves no temples sacred from attack—which has no pillars of Hercules to mark the limits beyond which its vessels dare not sail.

I am not speaking of that skepticism which merely says "I wish to fairly investigate and intelligently decide"; that skepticism which stops the approach of every creed or dogma, however ancient or revered, and claims the right to examine its passports ere it be permitted to cross the frontiers of unbelief. Such skepticism is worthy of all praise and the world is in its debt.

A skepticism to be commended.

Such skepticism broke the spell of old barbaric creeds and gave us intelligent growth, political freedom, shattered the chains of superstition and gave to a higher civilization the blessings of religious liberty. All honor to such skeptics! Pholosophy claims them in Galileo and Newton; statesmanship, in Mirebeau and Burke and Jefferson; religion, in Luther and Calvin and Knox.

The skeptic I do mean is he who has run this habit of candid research into the abuse of advocating indiscriminate disbelief; who doubts because he thinks it displays great knowledge of the world and great mental superiority to doubt; who doubts because he hears others doubt, because it

is the fashion to doubt. Those who believe every thing, he considers to be fools, and he drifts among those who believe nothing, forgetting that they *may be still bigger fools.* Green being the color of the glasses he wears, all that he sees is green; he detests the mote in the eye, without ever beholding the eye. The sun, to him, is all spots and eclipse, not a blazing light that leads the march of the universe.* You'll hear his voice wherever you go. The history of the country is rife with his slanders and suspicions; its literature soiled by his satire, his ribaldry, and his immoralities; the very music of the land—white winged bird of Paradise that it is—desecrated and debased by the burden of his obscenities, his endless and shameless unbelief.

Some pretend to doubt and say much about it. They see the mote in the eye and never see that wonderful organ, the eye itself.

In history, this man pulls down the idols we were used to worship and says, "Lo, they are of clay"; in theology, he strips from the altar the creed of a thousand years and says "you have no good in the life around you," he says of your courts, "They sell Justice"; of your laws, "They oppress the weak"; of your rulers, "They are a defilement to their high places"; of your press, "It prostitutes its power". He appeals to the records of the race and to current affairs, and finds instances of baseness together with floods of crime and proclaims that all men have their price and the world is saturated with depravity.

They see the flaws and not the substance. Judging from themselves they say all men have their price.

Let us examine the accusation, let us call for a copy of the indictment and a list of the witnesses. What does the skeptic charge and what can he prove? He says human nature is pitilessly cruel and unjust; he proves by the records that children murder parents, that parents strangle children; that wives betray and poison husbands; that husbands beat, desert and assassinate wives; they prove that heirs-at-law fight like Jackals around the death-bed of wealth, frantic for the spoils; that unrewarded honesty trudges dusty highways with bleeding footsteps, while thrifty rascality speeds by in parlor cars.** That opulence moves luxuriously in trappings of silk and purple, and fares sumptuously in palace halls, while beggary creeps with unavailing cry under the hedgerow and starvation stiffens the gaunt limbs to quietude and sleep.

The skeptic charges that human nature is cruel, treacherous and venal.

He says that it, human nature, is shamelessly treacherous and he asks you to name a cause that had no traitor. He says that it sold the secret of the pass at Thermspylae and gave to its enemies the at-

* Mr. Watson here, inadvertently, followed the popular idea, at that time, by making our Sun the center of the Universe. Modern Astronomers know that our Sun "leads only the march" of our solar system, and that in the Universe or perhaps Universes, there are large numbers of Suns of which, approximately, 60,000,000 have been photographed.

** Were Mr. Watson speaking today he would say Cadilacs, Lincolns or Airplanes. As stated in our introduction to this chapter, the references and scope of this address at Mercer University may well serve as a basis for stimulating the student of history. And the sum-total of all history is, of course, the measure of man's knowledge today.

tempt to band together the Redman tribes in one great effort for home and country; that it struck down Wallace on the Scottish hills; Pompey on the Egyptian beach; Darius in his Persian camp; King Philip, the grandest of Indians, in his forest retreat; that it bore a hand in the spoiliation of Poland and Hungary; betrayed for British bribes the Home Rule of Ireland; made barter upon the liberties for which America was struggling; and feasted upon the necessity and humiliation of our own South. He says it is venal and will sell for a price anything it ever possessed; that men have sold their convictions, their country, their king, their God; that the Circassian will sell his son for the army, his daughter for the harem; that the soldier will sell his valor and his blood, the priest his prayers and his absolution, and the patriot the cause for which he bleeds.

FALSE BELIEFS

FEARFUL INDICTMENT, HORRIBLE DETAILS. NO WONDER THE WEAK BEND TO THE TIDE AND MAKE UP THEIR BELIEFS FROM EXCEPTIONS RATHER THAN RULES, FROM INSTANCES OF BAD RATHER THAN FROM GENERALITIES OF GOOD.

For the sake of argument, let us admit the whole thing, let us admit that all men are vicious and corrupt; blot virtue from the earth, Jehovah from the sky and where are we and what do we believe? That around the sacred health of the home there is no chaste affection, no devout joy, no innocence, love and peace? That around the circle of those we call friends there is no real kindness, no true honor, no staunch loyalty? That beyond the evening and the stars there is no Elysian field of light, but at the end of three score and ten with all its struggles and sufferings, its hopes and fears, there is simply and solely the nothingness and horror of the tomb. Great God, what a creed! How can it make us nobler or better to believe it? What can it do but chill the fervor, blight the hopes and darken the landscape of life?

False creeds admitted for argument.

Accept the logic of the position. Admit that honor is a myth, truth a dream, friendship a deception, love a sensuality and it does seem to me that the evil spirit of the world could but whisper in your ear his old time advice "curse God and die", and the sooner a believer in such a creed accepted the latter part of the advice, the better it would be for the rest of us.

Reference to the advice of Job's wife.

The belief is a faithful mirror, to those who embrace it, of the men who believe evilly because too often they seek an evil creed to fit an evil life. They get an idea that the world is a sea where the big fish eat the little fish and that the only way to escape being devoured is to devour.

All others are grasping, therefore they must snatch; all others cheat, therefore they must swindle; and thus you see how scoundrels may be manufactured out of the plain principles of self defense. Their motto is the phrase which Dickens puts into the mouth of Jonas Chuzzlewit. "Do others for they would do you"—an appropriate motto from an appropriate source, a wretch who poisoned his father, broke the heart of his wife, lived in rascality and died a suicide.

Scoundrels manufactured. Scoundrels denounced.

Give us the man who denies integrity and proclaims all men dishonest and we have a knave who, if you give him half a chance, will steal the gold plugs out of your teeth; give us the man who says all men are liars and we have a Munchausen who never tells the truth except when it is necessary to give his tongue a rest from the monotony of lying. What right have such creatures to infect the air we breathe and sit in judgment on better men? Listen to the evidence of the drunkard and all men are tipsy, to the bribe-taker and all men, are venal, listen to the libertine, putrid, foul and false, who never made a vow he didn't break, never received a trust he didn't betray, listen to him and the spotless robe of purity which womanhood wears and the angels might envy, lives only in the dreams of youth, colors only the page of romance.

The skeptic's slime.

Such is the skeptic's creed. It has its followers, everywhere who talk it, write it, live it; I have met them and you will meet them. Listening to them, we doubt friends, distrust the family circle, lose faith in the possibilities of life. This creed I deny. This creed I scorn. This creed, had I the power, I would stamp out from the face of the earth as I would the venomous reptile that endangers our pathway.

What shall we believe? A weightier question will never strike your ear. Beliefs are the germs of principles; principles are the elements of manhood; and manhood, true exalted manhood is the summit of praiseworthy ambition. To constitute the highest type of manhood, we all agree that certain qualities are requisite; among them, kindness, truth, honor, loyalty.

A turning from the skeptic's quagmire.

But do they exist? The skeptic says no and listening to him, we doubt where he doubts, reject where he rejects and turn a deaf ear to the call of our better nature. Come! it is a grave matter. Comrades let us examine it. Not in a spirit of levity, God forbid! The Cæsar whom history shows standing yonder at the Rubicon—march halted, legions silent, ponders upon a question not more serious to him than is this one to you.

Is there no kindness? look over the globe and count its aids to distress, its institutions of charity; count the hospitals, the asylums, the orphanages, the homes for the aged, the infirm, the needy; trace them in city and town and country, on mountain and plain and desert; in zones, frigid and temperate and torrid. Note the missions and the free schools; see the very criminals jealously guarded from cruelty and want. How many nooks will you find where benevolence has not brought the charm of her presence, how many houses of mourning where she has not soothed aching heads and aching hearts, how many desert wastes where she has not planted and tended and nourished till barrenness blossomed into fruitfulness and beauty?

Humanity's kindness.

Kindness! why its spirit is all pervading and masterful; it meets the barriers of sectional coldness, ignores difference of race and color and condition; it overleaps the obstacle of distance, spanning oceans and seas with its magic bridges. We read of the Federal soldier, pensioned by a bountiful government, and not needing the pension, he seeks out some destitute and disabled Confederate and bestows this bounty upon him. God pity them! they are so easy to find all through this southern land.

We read that Senator Harris of Tennessee is providing a place and means of livelihood to the family of Gov. Brownlow, the man who denounced Harris, drove him from his country and put a price upon his head. Let us not forget that Brownlow, before he died, used kindness to overcome cruelty and provided safety and comfort to Harris and his family. Ireland is stricken with famine. Europe and America fill her empty homes with provisions. The North stands aghast at Chicago burnt; the flames leap down from the woods around the lakes and Wisconsin and Michigan are strewn with black and desolate homesteads. The South forgets abuse and slander and oppression and from out her own poverty she shows kindness by dividing with the suffering—The South is borne down by pestilence and her sick lie helpless in every city. The North forgets rancorous dislike and the kindness of her aid, the reality of her sympathy, did more to warm back in the Southern heart the loyal place for the Stars and Stripes than any thing else since Appomattox.

Kindness specific and general.

The firebell startles the sleeping city and it awakes to terror and danger and destruction. Let history make record of what is done there, generous courage, daring kindness; property is saved, lives snatched from the very flames and a record made grander and braver than ever blazoned a battle field.

The storm comes thundering down the coast with mountains of inky clouds; terror in wind, fury of foaming wave and the trembling vessels

flee in horror; but the night was never yet so black or the tempest so dreadful that heroism did not brave the peril and risk life to save lives.

The pestilence steals into your city driving out peace and joy and health; it drapes your homes in black, fills your beds with the sick, your hearses with the dead; it empties your streets and drives traffic from your gates, but it never yet has driven away those gentle sisters of mercy, Protestant as well as Catholic; they search for the suffering, watch at the bedside, soothe in the death agony and give health, time, strength and life in the ministration of divine compassion.

Is there no truth? The question is a tough one. You know the Psalmist exclaimed "I said in my haste, that all men are liars," and you remember the good brother who added, "yes and if David had taken all his life to think about it, he would have reached the same conclusion." In one sense of the word, I suppose we all do lie; for instance, you tell me that you are sorry to hear that I have been sick, when the truth is you don't care any more about my health than you do about the fate of a last year's may-pop. I am sitting in my room on Sunday, have done a hard week's work and now I am going to have a quiet restful day at home, stretched on a lounge with a book in my hand; all at once a buggy drives up and stops at my gate; there is Jones and Jones' wife who is as full of weak conversation as the Church is of weak members; and Jones' baby which is teething and giving its attention to the development of a fine, brave pair of lungs—the whole concern has come to spend the day! Merciful heavens! Seeing them coming in, I grow faint and desperate and suicidal; I form wild notions of jumping over the back fence and taking to the woods. Too late! The door bell rings and I sadly lay aside book and go to meet them. *See me do it.* "Why Jones, old fellow how d'ye do and the madam and the baby? Come in, come in, rejoiced to see you"; and such a smile as I do get up. Well, now since I think of it, I am not so sure about this smiling business; if I am not a candidate for any thing, I am not so sure that I smile; if I am, I am quite as sure that I do; for when I am a candidate, I am like the balance of them and I have a lovely, heart-searching, vote-lifting smile that my friends say is enough to melt the horns off a billy goat.

David's hasty conclusion with some modern applications.

The reporter of the "society column" alludes to his lady friend as the "beautiful and accomplished" when he knows that her face is a howling wilderness of bone and freckles and things and that her mind is as empty as a politician's promise.

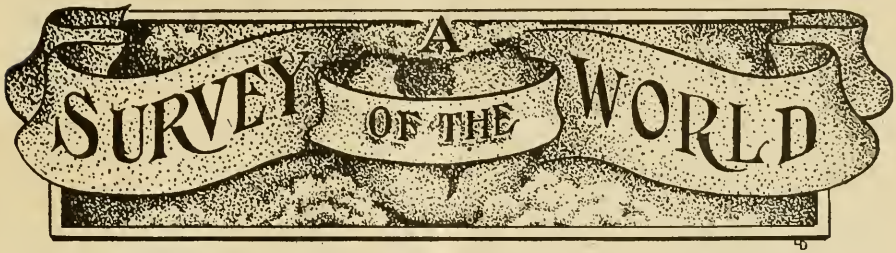
We members of the bar have to examine applicants for admission. We ask them certain questions as to the law and they answer or don't answer, as the case may be, whereupon we rise, address the judge and say

"We are satisfied, your honor." Sometimes we are called upon to examine one of these fellows who miss about four-thirds of all the questions we ask; still we use the formula "We are satisfied" and thus we let in another lawyer to ornament and bless mankind. And so we are satisfied—satisfied that he doesn't know the difference between a Conditional Est. and a gattling gun; satisfied that what he thinks he knows would stall a freight train on a down grade and what he does know wouldn't embarrass the retreat of a wounded mosquito.

An Applicant for admission to the Bar.

The late Judge McLaws was one of the most courteous of men. Upon one occasion he was a member of the committee which examined an applicant at Waynesboro; the applicant belonged to the class of which I have been speaking: his brain was as sharp as a roll of butter and as strong as boarding house coffee, and as clear as the noonday mud. Judge McLaws asked him this question, that question, and the other question; with a beautiful regularity he *missed* them all. Things were getting squally. Even Judge McLaws didn't think it would do to let him in without answering, at least one question. But a brilliant idea struck the Judge—it flashed upon him like a sunbeam out of a cloud: he said to the applicant, "Mr. — — — I believe your mother was a Miss Hawkins, wasn't she?" The applicant said "yes", and McLaws rose with a seraphic smile and said "I am satisfied, your honor." But these things are trifles, denominated "white lies." They spring from motives which do us no discredit—being from a desire to add to the pleasantries, courtesies and amenities of social intercourse.

Editor's note:—This oration is too long for one issue of the Watsonian. We leave off where the speaker concluded this part of his speech with flashes of wit and humor which must have created an eagerness for more in his interested audience. The next installment begins with Mr. Watson's definition of a real liar.



KING OF 100 WIVES, Sisowath is Dead. Monarch of Cambodia, 87 years old, succumbs at Pnom-Penh, capital city. Was called oldest ruler. Succeeded brother in 1904 and was crowned in 1906. Aided France in World War.

The above were the head lines in a recent issue of the New York Times. This was some harem maintained by the old gentleman and his death ushered in a deluge of widowhood for Cambodia. To us westeners who preach the wisdom of having only one wife, and practice, more or less perfectly what we preach, there is some difficulty experienced in trying to become adjusted to this Brigham Youngdish life in modern times and it under the protectorate and approval of our great European Republic, France. But such is the case for this same article closes with the following paragraph:

"The kings of Cambodia have enjoyed little authority since the country became a French protectorate in 1863. King Sisowath was virtually a figure head, approving the decrees of the council under the French protectorate."

It used to be said that one half of the world does not know what the other half is doing. But times are changing somewhat and when a man lives to 87 with 100 wives before he "succumbs" (quoting the head-line) we rubber-neckers are anxious to know how he did it. Some of our Movie heroes might be a close second to the venerable king of Cambodia, so far as numbers go, but they take them one at a time. Dicorces evidently, are not popular among the Kings of Cambodia.

* * *

The Christian Herald, on its editorial page, recently, under the heading "A Black Man's Protest", printed something startling and new to us. We quote in full below:

At the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities recently held at Brussels a negro delegate from Central Africa made some sensational charges against officials of European nations acting under full authority in dealing with negro natives in West Africa. Under a decree of the Governor-General, the negroes are compelled to labor upon public works ten hours for two francs, or less than ten cents a day. The delegate quoted from the published articles of the French Government which say:

"The working day shall be ten hours, plus two hours for rest. The minimum pay of each worker shall be as follows: women and children, one and one-half francs; adults, two francs." But the women and children work as many hours and do practically as much labor of a certain sort as the men. This delegate began his address by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, and beloved comrades! I bring you the fraternal greetings, the hearty goodwill and a cry for freedom from the Defense Committee of the Negro Race." . . . "Ah, you Chinamen among my audience here, I embrace you as comrades. You are setting a grand example of revolt for all the oppressed colonial peoples. I hope they will catch the inspiration from you."

In the midst of his address, which created a genuine sensation among the different races present, this negro from Central Africa said:

"It is true that you can no longer sell a negro to a white man or a Chinaman, or even to another negro. But it is a familiar sight to see one imperialist Power sell a whole negro nation to another imperialist Power."

And going on to compare the treatment of the French soldier with the negro soldier, the delegate eloquently appealed to his audience when he said:

"Here is a wounded French soldier, graded with. 90 per cent. disability—that is, in the second class. He has one child. The French Government grants him a pension of 6,888 francs a year. Here on the other hand, is a negro soldier of the same class, married, the father of one child, wounded in the same way, wounded in the same Army, also graded with 90 per cent. disability. He received 1,620 francs. Then take a war cripple with 100 per cent. disability. That is to say, he can not move himself; he must be carried wherever he goes. If he is a white Frenchman he receives 15,390 francs a year; if he is a negro he gets only 1,800 francs.".

According to the reports of this negro's address it was received with enthusiasm and respect. It looks as if the days of cruelty and injustice were not yet over. We need another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," not the movie sort, but something that will rouse the world up to a sense of colonial wrongs and the bartering of whole sections like those of the Congo between nations regardless of the feelings or lives of the people who live there.

C. M. S.

* * *

POLITICAL UNION of the Farmers of the west and south was not only prophesied but approved at a meeting of the Institute of Politics in Massachusetts during the past summer.

The kinship between the south and west on economic questions recognized by this Institute is a current statement of a principle so ably advocated by Thos. E. Watson from the platform and through the columns of his paper several decades ago. He saw it then and, many of his followers then and their descendants today are wisely advocating the principles of cooperation in a common cause. The middle West and the far West flocked to the support of these principles under his leadership and today these discussions sound like the echoes of those stirring days when these Watsonian truths sprang forth full grown and virile. Here are

some of the leaders who attended this Conference: George A. Peek, Pres. American Council of Agriculture; Clarence Ousley, Dallas, Texas; Henry A. Wallace, Editor Wallace's Farmer; Dr. B. C. Kilgore, of North Carolina and Chairman of the American Cotton Growers Exchange, representing cooperation associations in 12 states.

Mr. Wallace in urging cooperation, said that farmers were not getting their fair share of the national income, partly because of government action favoring other classes. It was high time, he said, that agriculturalists of the south and west got together in a political way, cooperating at times with eastern labor, to hold in check the rapid exploitation of natural resources and industrialization of the country.

Unnatural Alliance

"The farmers have seen the government give labor an Adamson act, the railroads a Cummins-Esch act and industry a Fordney- McCumber tariff act. They saw President Coolidge veto the McNary-Haugen bill the same week he signed the bank bill and raised the tariff on pig iron 50 per cent. These are an adequate background for political unrest among farmers," Wallace said.

Mr. Wallace is quoted further as saying that the alliance of industrialists and western farmers is loosening. Most of the farmers would be democrats today had it not been for the divisions of the civil war. He believes that it is time for the Democrats to revive old, true Jeffersonian and Watsonian principles thus taking into one common cause both the great agricultural regions of the west and the south, and no longer confine the Democratic party to a solid South plus Tammany.

These are auspicious discussions and both Jefferson and Watson, as well as many other disciples of those great principles would be in the front ranks of these movements, today, if their tongues were not silent in the grave. But, thank God, they did advocate them and history's pages and many good old time democratic laws on our statute books bear testimony to their works.

* * *

DEFINING A DEMOCRAT is undertaken by Pat Griffin in response to a question by the Savannah Press asking for such a definition. His definition is as follows:

The Savannah Press wants to know what is a democrat? Oh, go on, we will bite. But as "fur as we can see" a democrat is a sort of mongrel without any special designation. Up "nawth" he is a liquorite, down south a prohi. Since religion has been injected, up "nawth" he is of Catholic tendencies and down south he is the long horn Protestant. A democrat up "nawth" votes for the republican in national campaigns and a democrat in state and city affairs. And down south he votes and raises the devil for the state ticket in the primary and goes fishing on election day. Any other questions?

THE NEGRO

An Editorial

Never before has such an insult been cast upon the Southern people and the entire white race as the one spewed-up by H. L. Mencken, editor of the American Mercury.

Let us quote from Mr. Mencken's editorial:

The Jim Crow car, true enough, still survives in such remote sinks of barbarism as Mississippi, but what enlightened colored man ever goes into Mississippi, save perhaps to get materials for a comic article.

"The speech of the Southern whites and that of the Southern blacks, class for class, is identical:put a white Ku Kluxer and a colored roustabout behind a screen and set them to quarreling, and not even the most accomplished phonetician can distinguish one from the other. Well, what have we here? Does anyone allege that this common Southern dialect is a white dialect? If so, then why haven't white men ever spoken it elsewhere? Nay, it is obviously Afroid, if not African—and the dark Southerners have forced it upon the sub-Potomac Nordics just as they have forced corn-pone upon them, and gin, and jazz. In the speech of even the most refined and sophisticated Southerner some trace of it is to be found. To the extent of that trace he has succumbed, in the very citadel of white supremacy, to the stealthy influence of the theoretically lowly Ethiop.

Now listen at this filthy insinuation on the South's Protestant religion.

And in the ghostly realm there is the same tale to tell. The religion now dominant in the United States, that is, the Methodist-Baptist voodoo worship which now colors all American legislation and has declared war of extermination upon the more urbane sects and creeds, is obviously African from snout to tail. It arose in the South during the early days of slavery. The Southern planters, desiring their slaves to be dissuaded from cannibalism and grounded in Christianity, but being fastidiously disinclined to take them into the Church of England, employed Methodist evangelists to operate upon them. These evangelists were mainly extremely ignorant men, and the theology they preached was already very barbaric in character. But the black converts, adding voodooism to it, made it even more so. Thus debased to savagery, it spread to the poor whites, who were also unwelcome in the Church of England, and presently it was the dominant faith south of the Potomac. Since then it has extended to the Middle West and even penetrated the North, and the whole country sweats under its oppressions, and is made ridiculous before the other nations. What must an intelligent Aframerican think when he observes Congress taking orders from the incredible Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and Dr. Coolidge leaping docilely through its hoops? If he has humor in him, and humor goes with pigmentation, he must often permit himself an ironical snigger. The greatest Christian country in the world is not only Methodist; it is A. M. E.!"

And after this vile tirade he concludes with "a more delicate matter" —social contact, the gist of this thought is found in his concluding sentence.

(Continued on Page 363)

In Memoriam

ROBERT HAYNE PEARCE

1834 - 1927

And the King said unto his servants, "Know-ye-not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

In the year 1876 there returned to Thomson, Georgia a penniless college student who had worked his way through two years of college by teaching a rural school in Screven county, Georgia. In odd times he had prepared himself for the bar.

With no funds to continue his college education he reluctantly turned elsewhere and bravely faced the future.

He applied to a man for help and this man, being a cheerful giver, one who lived for his fellowman, took into his home the struggling lad and boarded him for one year on credit and also furnished him employment. Did the boy ever forget the favor? Did the man ever realize what was accomplished by this act? History was changed yet we may not realize it. It could have been that this act gave the youth the final push to victory in life's great struggle.

The boy was Thomas Edward Watson.

The man was Robert Hayne Pearce.

Robert Hayne Pearce was born and grew to manhood in South Carolina. A graduate with first honors with first class ever to graduate from Furman College. A believer in state rights Mr. Pearce volunteered in the Confederate Army and saw service in Virginia and South Carolina.

After the war he taught school in Thomson, one of his students being Tommy Watson. Elected clerk of the Superior court for McDuffie county in 1871, which office he held until 1909. Afterwards he was county Treasurer and county school commissioner. Married Miss Mary H. Barnes of Columbia county in 1872, a most lovable character.

Mr. Pearce was an invalid for several years in his later life. He died in Atlanta, Georgia on October 2, his body being brought to Thomson for interment and buried in the Thomson cemetery only a few steps from the grave of the boy he befriended.

No purer, more golden-hearted, soldier of the old South ever lived. A devout christian, a friend to mankind.

To this prince, for a little while, we gently say "good-night."

"Time, one by one, is paroling the Old Guard, and soon the last of Lee's Paladins will whisper to his mates beyond the starlight: 'I am coming, boys, I am coming,' Soldiers of the South, with this message I leave you. You have suffered long. You have suffered much. Life's warfare has been hard. But one glorious glimpse of the plume of the Great Captain will be worth it all when the bugle revellee wakes you in that green country where

'Fall no shadow, lies no stain
Where those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.' "

AN OPEN LETTER

TO OUR FRIENDS

Twenty years ago when Thomas E. Watson turned his thoughts and pen to the ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY he was classed as a fanatic and a dreamer by the editors of the same press who had classed him thusly when he advocated Rural Free Delivery, income tax and other populist measures in the early 90's.

Now since his prediction in regard to the Hierarchy, is becoming a dreadful reality, Protestant Americans are remembering Tom Watson of Georgia as the great pioneer in the movement to expose the Catholic Church in America.

We believe that 100% of our readers are hoping to see THE WATSONIAN grow into a powerful exponent of Watsonian principles. At great financial risk and almost single handed, Mr. Watson's granddaughter established the publication for this purpose and nothing more. We will soon round out a years service to this cause and we ask if we have not kept the faith.

Miss Georgia wants every friend of her Grandfather and his principles to see a copy of "The Watsonian." Will you assist us by taking your November copy and showing it to friends in your community. URGE THEM to subscribe to a magazine which advocates Watsonian and Jeffersonian principles. If possible forward their subscription immediately. This will aid us greatly in our work and at the same time do your friends and the entire country a favor by letting them know where they can procure selected writings of Thomas E. Watson.

Please be assured that the entire staff appreciates at all times your letters and suggestions.

Yours very sincerely,

Editor—WATSONIAN.

The Watsonian

"Not until tyrants have found a way to kill justice and to chain the thoughts of men will they ever be able to put bad laws where they are safe for the future."—Thos. E. Watson.

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GEORGIA WATSON LEE,
Founder and Associate Editor

WALTER J. BROWN,
Editor and General Manager

NOVEMBER — 1927

Vol. 1 No. 10

Editorial Notes

* * *

TOO MUCH TAMMANY:

When Robt. F. Wagner, Senator elect from New York, takes his seat in that august body on December 5th, Tammany Hall will march in a body to Washington for the occasion. One Tammany brave says "it will simply serve as a practise drill for 1929."

It seems that this delegation will be headed by the "TIGER OF TAMMANY"—Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith, friend and co-partner of the newly elected Senator Wagner.

The New York Times, a paper which is using every effort to place Smith in the White House, editorially says that the visit will signify "TOO MUCH TAMMANY" and will have bad influence for "THE TIGER" down South and out West.

"TOO MUCH TAMMANY" is correct. Too much in the past too much now, and it seems that there will be too much in the future for all Americans who believe in clean and pure Government. This Al Smith campaign is the result of many years of hard labor by Tammany to have their henchman in the White House.

We wonder if the American voter realizes what is meant when they talk of "too much Tammany in Washington."

Tammany Hall, which has been the dictator in national Democratic Conventions and the despot of local politics in New York City, is nothing in the world but the Catholic hierarchy, allied to the bar room interests, and thus having controlled the city and the State, now seeks to control the entire nation.

This great metropolis of America is but a huge carcass, upon which Tammany and the Catholic hierarchy feed, and in which exploiters of franchise privileges

grow enormously wealthy at the expense of the common people.

When you fight a Tammany-ite you fight every thing detrimental to Jeffersonian Democracy, and yet W. D. Upshaw an exponent of the 18th, says:

Personally I think Gov. Smith is one of the outstanding personalities of this generation, and it seems a pity that he should shut the door of the White House in his face by leading his state to a break with supporting the eighteenth amendment.

Nothing is more disgusting nor disheartening than to see the 18th Amendment supporters side-tracking the main issue in regard to Al Smith.

Whether this amendment was placed on our statute books with too great haste will always be debated, but we have prohibition and we are going to keep it. The repealing of it would be very detrimental to this nation.

But as far as it being the chief objection to Smith, it is not a drop in the bucket. The issue is whether or not America will be surrendered to a foreign pope. Lose America and all things in America are lost. Defeat Tammany Hall and you not only defeat the Hierarchy but its subsidiaries such as the liquor ring, etc. We ask Mr. Upshaw why cut off the tail and leave the head.

Let us repeat from previous editorials in The Watsonian. The next President should be a 100% Jeffersonian democrat, free of stain from the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, the Liquor Ring, and the Trustss. America is bleeding today and if we would stop this flow which threatens our free Institutions we must divorce our National Government from the Hydra-headed vampire which would suck us dry of the red-blooded Democratic principles bequeathed to us by Washington and Jefferson.

* * *

WOODROW WILSON:

Ray Stannard Baker is writing a most excellent life of the War President. It is very interesting to learn of President Wilson's boyhood, especially since it was spent at our very door,—Augusta (Ga.) and Charleston, (S. C.).

In Mr. Baker's second installment he makes a statement which is quite contradictory to a statement made by Mr. Watson in his LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. We are giving both of these statements. Let it be remembered that "Jefferson" was written in 1903, many years before Mr. Wilson was President. Mr. Watson took the position in his book that much historical credit due to the South had been left from our histories since all of them had been written by New England writers. It was in this connection that he discussed Dr. Wilson's history.

After sketching "Tommy Wilson's" boyhood in the South, Mr. Baker makes this statement:

"We know how deeply Wood-

row Wilson loved the South—his letters and addresses are full of his loyalty."

On page 85 of "Jefferson" we find this footnote:

A voluminous History of the American people has recently been published, consisting of a serried array of pictures, maps, plans, fascimiles, rare prints, photographs of old documents, handbills, scraps of ancient newspapers, and quite a lot of other things raked out of plunder rooms, museums, and curiosity-shops. Incidentally there is considerable reading matter, whose author is Dr. Woodrow Wilson. There are five bulky volumes of this stuff, and on page 164 of volume 11 the learned President of Princeton finds space for one sentence on the rebellion in North Carolina. Think of it. Nearly two thousand pages of alleged history and just one short sentence to the tragic chapter in the story of the South! And what is that one sentence?

'In North Carolina there was next year a sudden blaze of open rebellion against the extravagant exactions of William Tryon, the adventurer who was royal governor there, and only blood extinguished it.'

Cold, cold is the pen which thus traces the heart-breaking struggles of a gallant people toward their liberties.

The 'sudden blaze' had lasted more than three years; the 'open rebellion' was resistance to armed invaders who were laying waste the crops and burning the homes of the people.

The battle of Alamance, where three thousand men fought and artillery was used, is not so much as mentioned in Dr. Woodrow Wilson's book.

The Boston street row, where a handful rioted and three were killed, not only gets chronicled under its historic name of the 'Boston Massacre', but occupies six pages with illustrative matter and half a page of Dr. Wilson's text!

ENOUGH BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED:

Whether or not private banking institutions have a right to float loans for Foreign Countries without the scrutinization of our Government is being discussed a great deal at present. It occurs to us that when an American firm makes a loan to a foreign country it unquestionably changes the status of affairs between two nations, and should be handled as Foreign relations, just as any other foreign subject.

It is surprising that these banking institutions would undertake to float foreign loans so quickly after having plunged us into the recent world war simply to protect their loans to foreign countries. We all know now that the world war was not to make the world safe for democracy but to make WALL STREET LOANS SAFE FOR PAYMENT.

The "money interests" would make loans to foreign countries without regard to the fact that some of these nations have not paid to the United States their war debt. This money trust negotiates foreign loans and they get their money back. Yet the United States Government makes foreign loans from the tax payers pocket and it is never repaid. Funny, isn't it! !

Enough American blood has been shed for these infernal money-men.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

CHAPTER IX.

Description of a painting of the Virgin and Child, now in the museum at South Kensington, England (Cut No. 1); Of Isis and Horus (Cut No. 2); Of another representation of Isis and Horus (Cut No. 3); Of Maia and her son, Ch-ishua (Cut No. 4); Of a medieval Roman Catholic Bishop and a modern Roman Catholic nun (Cut No. 5).

In the South Kensington Museum, (England) is to be seen a medieval Virgin and Child, painted in Dellia Robbia ware. (See cut No. 1). Let us study this painting carefully, and learn how much paganism it embodies. In the first place, the woman and babe are represented exactly as they were depicted in Assyria, Babylonia, Phoenicia, India, Egypt and Etruria. On ancient coins, monuments, wall paintings, vessels, and sculptures, the unimpeachable testimony still exists, to prove that the unscriptural adoration of Mary was borrowed from the religions of antiquity.

Note that the Madonna is framed in a horse-shoe. To this very day, we hold this to be emblematic of good luck; and we nail it up, over the door to keep evil spirits out. How many of us know what the horse-shoe represents? It was used in Phallic worship—it being the female symbol. (Consult "Phallic Worship.")

Having adopted the pagan emblem for the setting of his picture of Mary, let us see what other heathen symbols were woven into his work by the pious Catholic artist. We find that the phallic horse-shoe is wreathed with grapes, typical of the mythological Dionysus, the god of wine! And with the wheat ears of Ceres! And the triformed leaf of Asher! And with the apricot and the pomegranate, emblematic, among the pagans, of woman and motherhood! Quite a heathen grouping, isn't it?

The black Virgins that were reverenced in so many Catholic Cathedrals, during the Middle Ages, were basalt images of Isis—the very statuettes that had been carried in procession in Alexandria and in Rome. In taking over the pagan's temple, the priests took over his idols.

The Roman satirist, Juvenal, had seen some of these black "Virgins" borne through the streets of pagan Rome, "escorted by the tonsured, surpliced train." This poet flourished under Nero and Domitian, when the Christians were a despised and persecuted sect.

The "tonsured, surpliced train," at which Juvenal mocked so derisively, were the priests of Isis. Had he survived to the days of Theodosius, he might have seen a procession precisely similar in the same Eternal City: the image borne being the same basalt statuette of the Egyptian goddess; its devout escort being the tonsured, surpliced priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

Plate 1.

The proper title of Isis, in Latin, was "Momina," for that is the exact translation of the Sanscrit, Isis. "Mater Domina" was what the Roman votaries of Isis called her. Therefore, even the word "Madonna" relates back to the heathen goddess of the Nile.

The worship of the Egyptian trinity—Osiris, Isis and Horus—was at its height, at the time the great struggle of Augustus and Marc Antony took place. When the victorious Caesar returned from the East, many of the heathen idols, rites and superstitions came with him to Rome. So popular did the worship of Isis and Horus become that small images of them were worn as charms. Where the Italian beggar now beseeches passers-by to purchase a picture of the Virgin Mary, there sat in the days of the Roman emperors the beggar who sold small images of the Virgin Isis—or begged alms in the name of the holy Osiris. Not only did Nero patronize the Egyptian priests, but Vespasian professed himself a believer in their claims to miraculous powers; and the Emperor Domitian built, in Rome, a temple to Osiris (Serapis) and another to Isis. Holy water, for use in this pagan worship, was brought from the Nile; and a college of priests was maintained at the expense of the State.

Plate 2.

When Antinous, the favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, died in Egypt, he was by imperial decree added to the list of Egyptian deities. The Emperor Commodus had his head tonsured (shaved) as a priest of Isis; and walked in procession with her votaries, carrying the Anubis-staff.

The figures shown in our Plate No. 2, are those of the Egyptian goddess and her son—Isis and Horus. They appear upon a copper vase found at Cairo. The vase was covered with ancient hieroglyphics. Note that the child is being "nursed."

So, here we have on this antique vase, excavated on the banks of the Nile, the evidence which carries the Madonna and her suckling infant back to the very beginning of discoverable things. Symbolically, Isis is the Virgin; and, as such, the ancient Egyptians worshipped her.

So popular was this cult, this worship of the pure Mother that the Catholic priests transplanted it into their own faith.

Plate 3.

But look, now, at our Plate No. 3. This is a reproduction of a photograph of a small bronze image, in the Mayer collection, in the Free Museum of Liverpool, England. It is another representation of Isis and Horus. This extremely old statuette is about nine inches in height; and is particularly suggestive because of the fish, which surmounts the head of Isis.

Here again, I must revert to symbolism—as delicately as possible. Strange as it may seem to us now, the fish typified fecundity; and, stranger still, the early Christian priests borrowed both the sign and its signification. (See Seinkeiwitz's "Quo Vadis," for a curious corroboration.)

It is well known what Venus represented: it is well known what the "worship" of her encouraged: it is well known that a certain class of shameful diseases perpetuates her name. What may not be so well known is, that Venus, like Isis, was symbolized by the fish!

Then, when you reflect that the Roman Catholic priests made Friday **both Venus day and fish day,** you will be incredulous, indeed, if you are not convinced that Mary-worship, with the emblematic fish, were direct importations from heathen mythology.

Plate 4.

But gaze, now, at our Plate No. 4. The figures are those of the Hindu Maia and her son, Chrishna. They are the Madonna group of ancient India; and were seen in the pagan temples, several hundred years before Christ. In fact, there is not a single one of the religions of antiquity which did not have its images, or emblems, of a Holy Mother and her holy son. All the pagans worshipped, under one name or another, "The Mother of God." The Catholic priests despaired of rooting out this univeral adoration; and they made a virtue of necessity by adopting it. Not one word in its favor can be discovered in either Testament, Old or New.

Let us glance at one more picture; (Plate No. 5) wherein a medieval Catholic Bishop and a modern Catholic nun, are portrayed. The bishop is thought to be St. Augustine. The drawing is taken from "Old England Pictorially Illustrated." The circle round the head is a solar emblem, as old almost as the world. It occurs in all the ancient religions. The shaven crown

(forbidden by the Bible!) is likewise a most antique solar symbol. The Brahmans wore it: Egyptian priests wore it, etc. This Catholic bishop is wearing the horse-shoe sign (pallium) of phallic worship! His head, going through the feminine symbol, exactly represents the conjunction of the organs of generation, as the pagans typified the act!!! And to make the plagiarism from the ancient heathen yet more glaring, the feminine symbol is dotted six times in front, with the phallic sign for the male organs. (The masculine triad is meant.) The right hand of this Catholic bishop is outstretched, with fore-finger extended, the gesture being that of the Assyrian priest.

Plate 5.

Evidently, St. Augustine was the rankest of plagiarizers, or the densest of ignoramuses; else he would have known that, according to the ancient religions, the donning of the mystic pallium, in worship, by the male, represents the joint action of the male triad and the feminine organ. In plainer language, the ancient pagans, worshipping the generative members of the human body, adopted the use of the pallium, sown with phallic crosses, and penetrated by the head of the priest, to symbolize what the classic Shakespeare calls "the animal with two backs."

That's enough about the bishop: let us now rivet our attention on the nun. Innocent thing! she, too, is demurely wearing the phallic emblem of the external womb. This costume is modern; and I do not suppose that it ever occurs to a nun, thus dressed, that she is very immodestly garbed; and that her costume is copied from that worn in phallic worship five thousand years ago.

The priestly vestments now in use date back to the time of Numa Pompilius, the author of the Roman Popedom and priesthood. The girdle and the stole are Jewish in their origin.

The Roman deity, Janus, bore "the keys" of heaven: when Janus ceased to be a god, and when Peter had become one, Peter got the keys.

The Jews had but one altar: the pagans, many: the Catholic multiplicity of altars and lights are purely pagan.

The Catholic pictures of the Devil make him, not only the brother, but the twin brother of the Greek god Pan—horns, hoofs, and all.

* * * *

THE NEGRO (Continued from page 351)

"What I predict is that, on some near day, not here formally named, the heiress to one of the great New York fortunes will run off to Union Hill, N. J. and there marry a dark sheik from Harlem."

The degraded ravings of Mencken can only be replied to by saying that his statements are a dirty bunch of lies passed through a vulgar mind. Yet, it can not be denied that the negro qquestion offers a problem which all thinking America should undertake to solve. However, when such articles as Mencken's appear in our press little good can be accomplished. The editor who discusses vital problems without sufficient study of the subject does great injustice to any condition which he undertakes to improve.

What are the facts relative to the negro?

The proposition is, that the Negroes are an inferior race; that to grant them social and political equality will lead inevitably to an intermixture of the two races; and that the product of such interbreeding will be a Mongrel race lower, certainly, than the Whites, and, perhaps, lower even than the Blacks.

That the Black race has ever been and is now inferior to the Whites no one disputes. That social intercourse upon equal terms would tend, logically, to the intermarriage of members of the two races, is no less true. But the hybrid offspring of such miscegenation would, on an average, be inferior to the best of the Whites and the Blacks, can hardly be doubted by those who know the Mulatto.

Professor W. B. Smith in his book, "The Color Line" quotes a proverb which is current on the West African Coast: "God made the Whites, and we don't know who made the Blacks; but it was the devil, certainly, who made the Mongrels."

Throughout the Southern States, one hears a saying whose meaning

is much the same: "The Mulatto has the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither."

After all, the existence of what is called 'race prejudice' would seem to argue universal instinct of race preservation.

Viewed from this standpoint, race prejudice is racial self defense.

If the line were sharply drawn between political privileges and legal rights, the Negro being given all of the latter and none of the former, the Negro Problem would disappear.

Our Government should be Caucasian. Neither in the military nor in the civil service do we need the Yellow man, the Red man, or the Black man.

There is antagonism between the races for which nature is responsible. To multiply points of contact, is to increase the provocations to conflict. Put Negroes in the army, and we have Brownsville riots. Put Negroes in the civil service, and we have a smothered state of insubordination all along the line.

The Government should treat facts as facts. It should adopt that course which is best for both races. Put no more Negroes in the army; put no more in the civil service; let the Black man plainly understand that we will protect him in the full enjoyment of his natural, absolute rights—his right to life, liberty and property,—but that we will not go a step further.

If this course were adopted, and resolutely, honestly, impartially pursued, nine-tenths of the Negroes would be glad of it. Nine-tenths of the Negroes care nothing about social equality, politics, higher education and the loony dreams of Afro-American elevation. The average Negro is satisfied when he is treated as a human being, protected in all his absolute rights under the law, judged by his own character and conduct, and allowed to enjoy his own hog and hominy in his own way. Nine-tenths of the Negroes care nothing whatever about holding office and dabbling in Government.

The other tenth does! The other tenth wants a finger in every pie. The other tenth is as good as the Whites, if not better. The other tenth consists of Afro-Americans who have been spoiled by well-meant but mistaken Northern philanthropy, and whose heads are full of crazy notions of their own perfectibility, moonshine visions of their exalted destiny and similar miscellaneous bosh.

This tenth, if shut out from fat offices, melon-cutting political conventions, Pullman cars and the white schools, would undoubtedly howl.

But even that tenth would soon subside when they saw that our policy was one of Wisdom, conducive to the happiness of both races.

It is really amusing, but also disgusting, to read Mr. Mencken's points by which he endeavors to prove that the negro developed so many of our customs today and also that he has attained cultural equality.

The negro has never developed anything!

He imitates an example kept before his eyes; copies models never out of his sight; echoes the words the white man utters; patterns after the manners and the methods of the whites around him, and thus reflects our civilization.

He has originated nothing, and if the copy, the pattern, the example were taken away he would fall back here as he did in Haiti.

He has never either evolved or sustained a civilization of his own.

Fortunately for the Afro-American, he finds himself better situated than his brethren elsewhere. In Africa and in Haiti, they have to scuffle for themselves. Result — — — barbarism.

In America he swells the ranks of civilization's army, and he has to go forward. We not only support him with aid of all sorts, we not only give him daily precept and example, but we compel him to lead a better life than he would lead in Africa and Haiti. This compulsion is of two kinds, the fear of punishment, and the hope of reward—thus enlisting two of the most powerful passions of the human being.

It should be significant to Mr. Mencken that the only portion of this race which has ever made any development is that which has the vast advantage of being sustained, encouraged, taught, led and coerced by the whites among whom they live.

Civilization owes absolutely nothing to the negro. The white man (the Northern white man if you please) brought him to this country. It is our duty to protect him but that and nothing more. When such editors as those of the Baltimore Sun and American Mercury realize that social equality and other recognition for the Negro will mean the downfall of our civilization the better it will be for all concerned.

The negro, assisted in every possible way by the whites, is copying the ways and learning the arts of the white man: But the fact that he can learn to read the white man's book does not make him the equal of the white race which produced the book. The fact that he may learn from us how to practice law or medicine does not make him equal to the white race which created the code of laws and the science of medicine. It may have required a thousand years for us to learn that which we can teach him in one year, but the point is that the negro, in his native home, had just as much time and opportunity to evolve a civilization as we had, AND HE DID NOT DO IT.

The advance made by this race in America is the reflection of the white man's civilization. Just that and nothing more. The negro lives in the light of the white man's civilization and reflects a part of that light.

"BROKEN BY IT I MAY BE: BEND TO IT I NEVER WILL"

AN EDITORIAL BY THOS. E. WATSON

So said Abraham Lincoln, referring to the slave power of his day: so say I, referring to the slave power of mine.

Again the great martyr said:

"I am not bound to win, but am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have."

It is for sayings like these that I love and admire Abraham Lincoln,—and because he praised those who failed at Gettysburg; and because he called for "Dixie" on the night of Lee's surrender; and because he melted into tears when he recalled his boyhood sweetheart, as a wintry storm raged, crying convulsively, **"I can not bear to have the sleet and snow beat upon her grave."**

Not more literally were the blacks enslaved in the Fifties than are both races now. Infinitely less cruel, was the system against which the Abolitionist waged relentless war than the modern class-legislation which binds and plunders the great mass of people, white and black.

What shall we do about it? Ask yourself, comrade, and decide for yourself. As for me my mind is made up. I am going to fight it until I drop.

Will you help? No one man can do it all by himself, but ten thousand resolute men, working together for four years, may accomplish wonders.

Will you be one of the volunteers?

This money system which has been foisted upon the nation in violation of our Constitution—don't you understand how it is widening the breach between the classes and swelling the legions of the homeless?

The banking system which surrenders to 6,000 men the sovereign function of government, affords them the opportunity to increase or diminish the quantity of money in circulation,—don't you know that this abdication of government power is wrong, and don't you know that it is being used, as for the last forty years, to the immense advantage of a favored few and to the ruinous damage of the unfavored many?

Don't you **know** that our diabolical Dingley Tariff robs the laborer as well as the other millions of consumers of manufactured goods, is despoiling the farmers until they have reached a dangerous nearness to desperation, is pinching the laborer until his wage hardly supports life,—tens of thousands being out of work,—although the Governmental reports reveal such stupendous profits to the manufacturers as stagger human belief or comprehension?

(Continued on Page 368)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Editor:

I am an ex-confederate soldier and will soon be eighty-six years old, a reader of T. E. Watson for forty years, a master mind of one of the sons of Georgia for true democracy of the Thomas Jefferson school of Political economy for independent Sovereignty of the thirteen colonies of seventy-six of the fathers of America for Americans.

—S. L. Shamburger

Winnsboro, Texas.

* * * * *

GREATEST OF ALL TIME

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Miss Lee:

In answer to your card I am sending you a dollar, for the Watsonian for a year. I want my subscription to begin with the first number if you have all of them. I do not want to miss any, am glad you are launching it. May it succeed greatly. I think Watson one of the greatest men of all time.

Your friend,

R. G. Maxwell.

Seven Springs, N. C.

* * * * *

ROME TO THE TALL TIMBERS

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.

Sirs:

Kindly place my name on your subscription list for one year, and if possible begin my subscription with Vol. 1, number 1, that is send all back numbers. Mr. Watson was the one man who should have sat in the presidential chair, then inside of six months, Rome would have taken to the tall timbers.

Sincerely,

C. R. Galloway.

Findlay, Ohio.

* * * * *

NOBLE AND GRAND

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Miss Georgia Watson Lee:

You will find stamp to pay postage on copy of the Watsonian. I have always read Honorable Thomas E. Watson's literature. I have his picture hanging on my wall. I think that he was as noble and as grand a man as America ever produced. Thank God for his dear life. May success ever cover your efforts.

—P. W. Miller

Cooper, Texas.

* * * * *

PRESIDENT FOR TWO TERMS

The Watsonian,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Editor:

I am glad to say I have got two packages of your magazine. I am going to hand them out to my neighbors and ask them to subscribe. I am glad to hear more of Watson. He was one of the best friends the American working people ever had. He was smart and not afraid, I wanted to see him president about two terms.

—J. W. Tate

Pleasant Plains, Ark.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,
Of The Watsonian published Monthly at Thomson, Georgia for October 1st, 1927.

State of Georgia, County of McDuffie.

Before me, a—in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared—, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and General Manager of The Watsonian, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statment of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation,) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher The Tom Watson Book Company, Thomson, Georgia. Editor Walter J. Brown, Thomson, Georgia. Managing Editor Georgia Watson Lee, Thomson, Georgia. Business Manager Walter J. Brown, Thomson, Georgia.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Mrs. Georgia Lee Brown.
Walter J. Brown.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

Mrs. Georgia Lee Brown.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—

(This information is required from daily publications only).

Walter J. Brown, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of October, 1927.

A. L. McLean, Notary Public.

(My Commission expires June, 1931).

WATSON EDITORIAL (Continued from page 366)

Don't you know that our transportation system is out of date, is hideously wrong, and gives to half a dozen railroad kings irresistible powers of taxation over 85,000,000 of people who have neither voice, vote nor influence in the councils of those who levy the freight and passenger rates?

Don't you know that such a colossal power should not be in the hands of a few private citizens, who wouldn't be human if they didn't abuse it?

Don't you know that in every civilized country—in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and even in Mexico and South America,—the Government is taking out of the hands of private citizens this unbearable and undemocratic control of the public highways?

Yes, you do know it. Then, what are you going to do about it?

As a citizen upon whom rests the responsibility of doing your part in controlling the destinies of your country it is your patriotic duty to correct the wrongs of legislation and of administration.

Will you shirk this duty?

Or will you, like a man, come forward and do your part to make conditions conform to the standards of Right?

Is There a Roman Catholic Peril?

Here is Proof of It

By THOMAS E. WATSON

This is the latest dynamic booklet from our press with reference to the Catholic question. The title itself gives adequate evidence as to the topic discussed by Mr. Watson.

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The Tom Watson Book Company

THOMSON, GA.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

Conducting the funeral of Senator Watson, Dr. F. J. Forrester, the profound Bible scholar and Baptist preacher, who was the favorite pastor of the brilliant Georgian, brought out the fact that Senator Watson, who united with the Baptist Church in his youth, loved the simplicities and verities of "old-time religion", and such old-time songs as "How Firm A Foundation" and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand", and that he believed what everybody knew he believed—in that fundamental Americanism which Roger Williams taught—the absolute separation of church and state, liberty of conscience, and freedom of the soul. His brilliant advocacy of these basic constitutional truths was like a blazing fire consuming everything before it that dared to touch the public treasury for sectarian purposes or dispute the supremacy of the American flag on the American continent.

—From House Memorial Service to Thomas E. Watson
W. D. Upshaw of Georgia